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## Poetry.

## TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;  
They leant soft cheeks together there,  
Mingled the ark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.  
O, budding time!  
O, love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal step;  
The bells made happy carollings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,  
While petals on the pathway swept.  
O, pure-eyed bride!  
O, tender life!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;  
Two hands above the head were locked;  
These pressed each other while they rocked;  
These watched a life that love had sent.  
O, solemn hour!  
O, hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;  
The red light shone about their knees,  
On heads that rose by slow degrees  
Like buds upon the lily spike.  
O, patient life!  
O, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;  
The red light shone about their knees;  
On heads that rose by slow degrees  
Like buds upon the lily spike.  
O, patient life!  
O, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;  
The red light shone about their knees;  
On heads that rose by slow degrees  
Like buds upon the lily spike.  
O, patient life!  
O, tender strife!

The red light shone about the floor,  
And made the space between them wide;  
They drew their chairs up side by side;  
Their paler cheeks joined, and said, "O, come more!"  
O, memories!  
O, past that is!

## BEFORE THE RAIN.

The blackcap pipe among the reeds  
And there'll be rain to follow;  
There is a murmur in the wind  
In every coil and hollow;  
The wrens do chatter of their fears  
While swinging on the barley ears.  
Come, hark ye, while there yet is time,<  
Pull up thy scarlet bonnet,  
Now, sweetheart, as my love is thine,  
There is a drop upon it.  
So trip it ere the storm has weired  
Doth pluck the barley by the beard!

Lo! not a whit too soon we're housed;  
The storm-witch yells above us;  
The branches rattle on the eaves  
Seem not in truth to love us.  
And look through the clover bush,  
The nimble footed rain doth rush!

## Miscellaneous.

## CONQUERING A QUAKER.

"I would offer to help you, Edith, only I don't know what you mean to take," said Helena Marvin, looking into the room where her sister was packing.

"Take!" said Edith, hardly passing to answer as she moved about the open trunks from closet and bureau, "why, I'm going to take everything."

"Don't you mean to make any concessions?"

"Not a concession."

"You think it will be better to defy them?"

"Defy them! no, indeed! what a horrible idea!"

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"I mean to please them."

"But how can you possibly please them if you wear silk dresses and curl your hair?"

"I don't know; perhaps I shan't! But I'm going to try. And I know I never should please anybody if I left my hair straight," and the pretty Cambridge belle turned to herself that it would be a pity, indeed, if she, who had always pleased everybody without trying, could not please Robert's relatives if she did try.

But this visit to Robert's relatives was naturally contemplated with even more than the usual trembling excitement of the young fiancée. For Robert's father and mother and sisters were all Quakers, with traditions and beliefs and customs according to which they ought to contemplate with horror and distress this union of their only son and daughter with a worldly girl. Such a fascinating combination of laughing eyes and merry lips and curling hair and tinkling bangles and rustling long silk skirts and coquettish bonnets and bewitching laces and ribbons and little slippers. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how they would hate her! And Edith did not want them to hate her. She had not the slightest desire to defy or to horrify them. She was very anxious, indeed, to please them. But combined with this anxious desire to please, was a quite unconscious, though equally firm, determination not to win their affection by concessions. Not so much as the bow of a slipper would she offer up on the shrine of devotion to Robert's relations. Worldly she was; worldly she would be sure to remain; and it was best that they should understand from the first that she was thoroughly addicted to silk, satin and lace whenever she could get it. But she had a faint hope that, once brought in contact with her worldliness, they would find it pleasant that they thought. Why not? She had conquered Robert; why should she not conquer them? Robert had not fallen in love with her in spite of her airs and graces; he had fallen in love with the air and graces themselves. He had often told her so. He had repeatedly pointed out the particular little curl over her adorable forehead that had first won his attention, and had assured her that it was a certain bit of lace about her throat that had completed his subjugation. And that dear little curl was not only a curl, but it was a boughten curl, held in its place by hairpins, and as fleetingly worldly as a curl could possibly be. True, Robert was not exactly a Quaker; he was only a descendant of Quakers. He had not definitely renounced the world, although there clung to him, from the force of heredity and training and circumstance, a certain grave demeanor and atmosphere of earnestness. He did not dance; he did not even want to dance; but he did not exactly disapprove of other people dancing if anybody did choose to indulge in so foolish a caprice; and on the evening when he had been lured by a friend to one of the Cambridge "Assemblies," and had met there his immediate, unquestionable, irresistible, worldly little fate, he had even felt suddenly a sort of impatient rage with himself at not being able to dance. True, he didn't want to dance any more

than he ever did; but then, she wanted to dance, and how could he ever please her if he couldn't do exactly the things she did? Still, he had pleased her, and with very little effort; for the quiet, earnest youth was tall and very handsome, and would graduate with honors; in consideration of which attractions his earnestness might easily be forgiven, even, indeed, if the earnestness itself had not a certain charm of its own, as at least a novelty. So, if Robert had pleased her, and she had pleased Robert, unlike each other as they were, and everybody acknowledged that it was a perfect love match on both sides, why might it not be possible that she would please Robert's relations? though not so much as a slipper-bow would she sacrifice from her pleasant worldliness to secure that much-to-be-desired result.

As it chanced, a test of her resolution in this respect was offered immediately. Mrs. Marvin and Edith had hardly been shown to their chamber, after their arrival at the Longworth home, before Edith opened her travelling-bag and exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Mamma, my slate-pencil is all broken to bits, and my crimps are all out of curl. Whatever shall I do? Oh, I know! Esther said she would be in the next room if I wanted anything."

In another minute she was tapping at Esther's door.

"I am so sorry to trouble you, but my slate-pencil is all broken to bits in my bag. Could you let me have one of yours?"

"There would be a slate-pencil?" said Robert's serene sister, with evident bewilderment.

"Yes, for my crimps, you know. They are all out of curl, and so tumbled that I can't possibly go down stairs looking so."

"But could they not comb them out?"

"I could lend thee a comb to comb them out."

"I could, of course, but you've no idea what a fright I am without my crimps. Robert never saw me with my hair straight, and I know he would hate to have his mother see me unless I was looking my very, very best. Of course, you know, I have another bang in my trunk," Edith made this frank confession with a wild instinct that it would be best for Robert's relatives to know the worst at once, so that any possible concessions to be made afterward, though she would not yet acknowledge the possibility of concessions, would strike them in the light of unexpected improvement, "but my trunk hasn't come, and so if you can lend me a pencil!"

"I—I am afraid I have no slate-pencil," faltered Esther.

"Well, a pipe would do; haven't you a pipe handle? just a common white pipe such as the children have for soap bubbles, you know."

"If thee wilt wait a moment, I will see, said the discreet Esther.

Edith in the meantime made her way back to her own room and waited in suspense, while Esther went down stairs, questioning her conscience, and yet very loth to disappoint the little witch who was depending upon her. She had made up her mind to be very tolerant of the worldliness of Robert's fiancée, but to be suddenly called upon to aid and abet her in it, was almost more than could be reasonably expected of her, even by Robert. And yet it would be so unfortunate to begin the visit with a family jar! She had a terrible consciousness that there was a pipe in the house—Richard, her little nephew, had had it for soap bubbles only the week before—and to tell a lie, even a white lie, and permit herself to be unable to find it, was something more terrible to Esther's conscience than even convicting at a curl. As it happened, however, she really could not find it. Here was certainly sufficient excuse for going back empty-handed; and yet, and yet—when she came to the foot of the stairs, Esther, instead of going up, turned aside into the kitchen.

"Bridget, could thee spare a moment to go across to the corner grocery and get me a pipe—a common white clay pipe?"

"A pipe is it?" said the wondering Bridget.

"Yes, Bridget, a pipe; a pipe for—blowing soap-bubbles," stammered Esther.

"Thee knows, Bridget—a pipe such as Richard had for his play?"

"Yes, I know," said Bridget, wiping her hands on her apron, and then removing the apron. "And is it soap bubbles they do want? to blow already? Faith, I'll send 'em up a plate full for dinner."

"Edith has won her first battle," wrote Mrs. Marvin to her husband that evening. "And without a wound or scar on either side. I only wish you had been here with your detective camera to get an instantaneous picture of the two girls when Edith opened the door and Esther handed her the pipe."

As Edith had confidently expected, it was the first of a long series of victories over Robert's relations, which she gained, not by tramping down their prejudices, but by quietly teaching them to like her just as she was. She had an infinite amount of the gracious tact which comes with a certain kind of aristocratic, high-bred worldliness, and she was at heart a most winningly affectionate and true-hearted girl. Had she been merely a worldly girl, the French slippers would not have fought for her or conquered her enemies, but Robert's relations made the surprising discovery that a really sweet-hearted creature remains sweet even on high heels; and before a week was over Edith was the acknowledged ruler of the entire household.

It was even decided in family conclave that it would do to give her what, in the worldly world, would be known as a "reception." They had had no idea of doing this in looking forward to her visit. It was felt that it would be concession enough for them to consent to receive as a visitor into the bosom of their own family the young woman who had disappointed their fondest hopes for the security of Robert's future. To have their friends to meet her, to see her in the full blaze of her effrontery of diamonds, silk gown and perhaps even of diamonds, would be to advertise their shame, the disgrace of the entire family, in a way not to be contemplated for a moment. They would endure, but would not publish to the world the fact of what they were called upon to endure.

And yet—and yet—at the end of a fortnight preparations were on hand for all their friends to come and see this wonderful Edith, with full knowledge on the part

of the family that Edith would undoubtedly surpass all her previous efforts on this occasion in the art of decoration. Edith, however, had her own plans. On the evening before the solemn entertainment, she slipped upstairs, took off all her bangs, brushed her hair down perfectly smooth and straight over her little ears, twisting it very plainly behind, and then drew from her trunk a little gown of pale grey cashmere, reaching barely to her ankles, and without a ruffle or a fold, except the fewest possible plaits at the waist, and absolutely guileless of ornamentation of any kind. A tiny scarf of white illusion was crossed over her breast, and her contemplated toilet was complete. Nevertheless, she surveyed herself in the glass with evident dissatisfaction.

"Dear me, mamma, it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. I meant to look like a fright, and after all it's rather effective. If I were dressed for private theatricals I should think myself immense. Oh, dear! suppose they should like me best this way after all!"

It was a sorrowful blow to her hopes on this trump card to find herself still exceedingly pretty. She was pretty conscious of a certain piquant charm in her novel appearance that might undo her after all. Still she would run the risk. She was a perfect little actress. If anything had been needed to effect Robert's complete subjugation, and her first vision of her loveliness at the Harvard Assemblies, it was supplied when he saw her the week after in some private theatricals. She could appear to be a Quakeress just as effectively as she could act her more natural self in a very different world; and it was with face and accent and manner perfectly adapted to her new toilet that she quietly entered the parlor again after her escapade upstairs, and said demurely to Robert's mother:

"Rachel, would thee like me to wear this gown tomorrow evening for thy friends?"

There was a subdued whistle of delight from the reconstructed Robert in the corner. But Robert's mother gave no sign.

"Thee must wear just what thee pleases, Edith. If it pleases thee better to wear thy gown of red silk—"

And the wise Edith understood human nature well enough to be sure that "Rachel" would not be altogether disappointed if her future daughter-in-law should reconsider her toilet and reappear in the dainty gowns she had been exhibiting for the past fortnight.

"And what does Samuel think?" Edith asked, passing on to stand before Robert's father.

"Samuel thinks," said the old gentleman, slyly, "that thee had better ask Robert."

"Oh, no, papa Samuel; that would not be any test at all; thee knows perfectly well that Robert likes me in anything," said Robert's fiancée, demurely.

"And so do I like thee in anything," said papa Samuel, with unexpected gallantry. "But I think I like thee best, Edith, in red. Thee knows we Quakers like to follow the way that is most simple and natural, and I think red is the most natural for thee. I think thee must have been born in that red silk of thine. Thee is very sweet to me, my child, in this Quaker gray; but we Quakers, thee knows, do not approve of theatricals, and I think to-night thee is trying to play a part. Thee acts it very prettily, Edith, but I advise thee to go back to nature and thy red gowns."

So the battle was won, and the result proved that Edith was quite able to conquer, not only Robert's relations, but Robert's relations' friends. When, a year later, she came back to them again as a bride, there was but one thing left for her to conquer. Robert had prepared her for a possible visit from elderly friends who might think it their duty to remonstrate with her, or with him, on this very worldly marriage, and it was, in truth, hardly a month, before he ran upstairs one afternoon as she was dressing, with the announcement that the probable counsellors were taking off their overcoats in the hall.

She hesitated a moment; but her hesitation rose merely from a moment's consideration of whether she had any other gown in her wardrobe that would emphasize more distinctly her intention to adhere to her own traditions. She decided that the long trailing skirt of pale green cashmere, with its border of pale plush and its sash of watered silk, was sufficiently worldly when one took into consideration the jewel that sparkled in the laces at her throat, the dainty lace-edged handkerchief and the perfectly groomed little curls over her white forehead. She paused only to slip on one more bangle over her round wrist, and then, kissing her husband, floated downstairs.

Robert never knew exactly what she said or did to the old gentlemen in the parlor. He hung over the banisters, and caught the echoes of her silvery little laughs, and saw the maid carry tea into the parlor, and at the end of an hour descended the stairs himself, as the old gentlemen emerged from the doorway, determined to stand by Edith to the last, if she happened to have had a hard time. He knew that some remonstrance would be quietly dealt out to himself, even during the brief vestibule episode of farewell; but, to his astonishment, as he stepped forward to help the old gentlemen with their overcoats, the one who was evidently spokesman for the party grasped his hand and said heartily: "Friend Robert, thee has married well!"

Still another year later, and there lay on Edith's arm a little Edith, with lovely eyes and very remarkable, highly embroidered clothes.

"Do you think, Esther, said the young mother, anxiously, "that she is going to have curly hair?"

"Yes," said Esther, with a smile that was grimly pleasant and yet pleasantly grim, "I think she will have curly hair. I know thee would find a way to curl it, though it be as straight as a pipe-stem," and Aunt Esther bent over to kiss the child.

"And you're glad it curls, Esther, you know you are," insisted the baby's mamma.

"Yes, Edith, I am glad it curls. For since thee would be sure to curl it somehow, it is best that Dame Nature will have none of thy tricks and graces, but will bring up the child to please herself."

This is the best time of the whole year to purify your blood, because now you are more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take, and it is the most economical—100 Doses One Dollar.

## A "Cracker" Cabin.

This is a specimen of a Florida "cracker's" invitation to a stranger, belated in the "hummocks," and a description of those peculiarly named spots of country:

"You all've had a right poor spell, stranger, but tote yourself down yon, dis yer way, ter my cabin an' make ther night with me. I'll's a tollible chance from dis yer, jest 'bout much as nigh twenty sights (nearly a mile), I reckon, an' we kaint git thar afore sundown unless we move pow'ful lively."

The early February night came on apace as we threaded the dense hummock with its thickets of palmetto, bay, black gum, ironwood and wahoo, plentifully bearded with Spanish moss and entangled with a subtropical wealth of underbrush and vines. Narrow, shadowy arcades occasionally led us through the gloomy forest depths, the luxuriant foliage and strange forms of vegetation, the wild tangles of creepers and vines, and the outer stringers of moss swaying silently in the still solitudes, combining to make uncanny pictures which the imagination even of a Dore could not have conceived of. At times the thick greenery was relieved by the flame of the yellow jessamine and by unfamiliar flowers of a brilliant scarlet hue.

Presently our course lay beside a cypress swamp. Here the gaunt trunks, with leafless and gnarled branches, whitened by the gloomy moss, and flung in shapeless masses against the darkening sky, heightened the cheerless effect of the first part of the journey. Of the typical scenery of Florida the cypress wastes have the most character. There is a mysterious solemnity in the sullen black water and muddy bogs, the slimy underbrush, the rotten islets, matted water growths, light-shunning vegetation, and the dark cypresses with their funeral trappings, and this, with the miasmal breath of the stagnant stretch and the unknown life or death in the unexplored recesses, gives these wildernesses a peculiar interest and individuality pronounced though indescribable, repellent, yet fascinating.

The sun was casting his last lances when my cracker friend pointed out his cabin, a rude log shelter, cellars and supported on four charred blocks. Inside, a low pine partition stretched half way across the floor, and divided the building into two apartments. Separated from the cabin by ten feet of rickety, uncovered passage-way was a moribund shanty of pine slabs, open on one side, and with a thatching of palmetto straw. This was the kitchen, and had a stubby, outside chimney of uncertain stability, about nine feet high and made of alternate layers of clay and ironwood with chipped palmetto straw to add architectural beauty. At the bottom the chimney spread into a hearth as wide as the building, but otherwise the terminal facilities were nothing to boast of. An ancient crane and hooks, and a battered kettle and a frying pan or two—these of rusty iron—and ironwood pokers and tongs completed the catalogue of culinary furniture. Strings of dried and drying oranges and of herbs and smoked beef hung from the thatch poles.

Some hours after I had turned in with the juvenile platoon I was awakened by a strange, wild cry, as of a human being in some terrible stress of danger. It had a sound as of an acute ecstasy of horror and pain. It came again, and nearer, and this time the human tone was lost, and I knew that a panther was prowling in the midnight shadows of the live oaks and magnolias within a few rods of the cabin. The family was awakened, but showed little interest, so common was the occurrence.

The following morning saw my cracker and me, after a breakfast of vasaion, coffee, fried chicken, hominy and quinine, en route to the metropolitan glories of Pemberton's Ferry, where my guide is to lay in his monthly supply of tobacco and quinine, and the simple groceries he uses.

## Indian Picture-Writing.

Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write.

Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush in on the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when, like our Turtle confederates, they rob another of a great province, and force the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks he and his clans are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with top-knots; his lines bend forward to show these rising sun stands for following, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many funny little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that he draws, as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his

exploit, and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads.—St. Nicholas.

## Why Girls Go Wrong.

That the daughter of a millionaire has eloped with a coachman is in the daily print as regularly as the accounts of the sea serpent. That the daughter of the best family has wedded a worthless fellow is talked about in every village, and town, and city, as universally as the international Sunday-school lesson. That girls like bad boys best, and that they will forsake father and mother, disregard the advice of their true friends and bring desolation to the hearts of all, rather than renounce a dissolute fellow, are facts too patent to require proof. What is the cause of this? In well-to-do families the girls are spared every effort and deprived of every opportunity to exercise their will power, and constantly grow up wholly unprepared to exercise judgment, decision and action. The sentimental, poetic, delicious period arrives. The emotional nature, under the stimulus of awakening faculties, now becomes supreme, and the girl is wholly under its control. If this neglect of her intellectual and volitional nature is the cause, then the remedy is readily suggested. Let her intellect be exercised like that of her brothers. Let her study mathematics, history, government, science. Try to make her sensible instead of accomplished. Feed her mind on the strong and sensible thoughts of good books, and do not starve it on the slop of the fashion magazine and sensational novels. Give her something to do that will require judgment, decision and stability of purpose. Expose her to the hardships of child-life, rather than shield her from them. There should be no difference in a girl's and a boy's life until they are ten years of age. She ought to be the equal of her brother in out-of-door sports. Until they are fifteen years of age they ought to have the same training in school. As much ought to be expected from her as from him. After that time their education should differ, according to their different spheres of action.

A true affection is an anchor to character, and if a girl's life were securely anchored at home she would not so easily be driven out to sea. The father, rather than the mother, is or can be a favorite with the daughter. If a father wishes to fortify his daughter against folly, let him retain her love and confidence. Not simply respect and esteem, but love. And to do this he must feed the love of the child until that love ripens into the genuine affection of a woman. Many fathers deceive themselves. They think their daughters do love them. They will think this when they cannot remember ever to have had a confidential interchange of thoughts, aspirations and secrets, such as we have only with those we love and fully trust. They cannot remember when they had a caress or anything but a formal kiss; and yet they think their daughters love them. Does your daughter reveal her heart to you? Does she really enjoy being with you? If your daughter has loved you and confided in you from infancy, and found in you that true friend that she ought to find, do you think that she will forget all this, and go contrary to your wishes? She will not fall in love, but will enter into love deliberately, and her father, who has her confidence, can counteract the leading, if convinced that she has made a mistake in her choice for life.

## Irish Wit.

Irish wit is a delightful, wild, fitful, irresponsible, audacious quality. It is gloriously spontaneous, and there is a lurking twinkle in its seemingly most obtuse "bulls" that the thorough Saxon mind often fails to grasp when on his first visit to the distressed country, whither he may have been asked on some good-natured invitation as that of the fine old Irish gentleman who told his English friend, "if I were come within a mile or two of my house, I hope to goodness ye'll stop here!" He will be amazed to find that possibly an extra doucener will be expected by the carman who is showing him Killarney or Connemara, on the ground that, "Sure, don't ye see that I drive yer honor for the last twenty miles without a linepin!" He may be startled at the graphic double answer once given by a Dublin "jarvey" to an inquiry as to what the three sculptured figures that surmount the general postoffice in Sackville Street meant. "Thim three figures are stuck up to show that it's the postoffice." "But why? and who are they?" Then, determined not to betray ignorance, the answer came, "Thim three's of the Twelve Apostles." "Those three, the—?" "Av coorse; sure ye wouldn't have them all out together; the rest is inside soorin' the letters!" Note, too, how pretty chivalry blends with their wit.

Did ever lover say sweeter words than those that Myles-na-Copaleen gives just at the tag of the "Colleen Bawn"? "Sure I am a mother to her; for didn't I bring her into the world a second time? Take her, Master Hardness; and when ye lave yer money to the poor an' yer widow to me, and we'll both be satisfied?" Or is there a softer or more delicate lilt in any Scotch or English song than the words of the Irish peasant watching the girl of his heart float in a jig or plaxty on the barn door: "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love?" There is pathos, too, of a curious sort in the well known dialogue between an English visitor and an old Irish butler who answers the door in rusty black, and with tear-dimmed eyes. "Does the top-knot here?" "He does, sir; but he's dead, rest his soul!" "Dear me! how long is he dead?" "Faith, if the poor man had lived to Wednesday next, he'd just be dead a fortnight." Then what historic good things are recorded of the famous divines and legal lights of Ireland of the real order of rapid wit, as distinguished from the sayings of 3 r Boyle Roche, of "bird" fame, who asked the House of Commons why they should do anything for posterity. "What has posterity done for us?" and in response to the burst of laughter explained, with profound gravity, "that by

posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who immediately come after us."

Swift's words it would be superfluous to quote, for his works speak for themselves, but Lord Norbury, whose legal position was serious, flashed into the dullness of law many bright sayings. Nor let us forget the countless anecdotes of Curran. When he had angered Lord Carleton by his eloquence, that Judge ordered the sheriffs to take in to custody any one who would presumptuously dare to fly in the face of the court. At this difficult moment a swallow circled round the court, and Curran at once said: "Mr. Sheriff, take him into custody for showing his utter contempt of court by flying in his face." Again, when Lord Clare paid more attention to his favorite Newfoundland dog at his feet than to the learned counselor's arguments, the latter abruptly stopped his harangue, "Go on, Mr. Curran," said the Judge. "A thousand pardons, my Lord, I really took it for granted your lordship was engaged in consultation." Then, when he fought his duel with "Bully" Egan, and the latter called the attention of the seconds to the odds which, by reason of his diminutive size, the master of the rolls had over him, saying, "I might as well be carried at the edge of a knife as at this carcass," Curran said at once, "Well, let the gentleman chalk the size of my body on his own, and let every ball going outside of that line count for nothing." This was as courteous as the behavior of the lame gentleman fighting another duel, who asked his opponent with profound politeness if he would permit him to sit on the neighboring milestone at the cross-roads while they exchanged shots. "To be sure," was the reply, "and now in turn grant me a small and somewhat similar favor." "Certainly; what do you require?" "Only leave to go and sit on the next milestone." That quarrel ended in a bowl of punch.—Daily Telegram.

## The Jewelled Czarina.

At last we entered the throne-room, and there, surrounded by a sea of splendor, stood the empress herself, a moving mass of diamonds. She was the most dazzling sight of all. On her head was a crown once worn by the great Elizabeth. It was the first time that I had seen a real crown on royalty, for the diamond tiara worn by Queen Victoria last summer at her reception was not a crown except in name. Mrs. Astor used to wear as fine a one. But this one on the imperial head was worthy to adorn the empress of all the Russias. Describe it? No. I saw millions of colored rays, and white sparks of light emitted from it at every motion of the royal person. The necklace was made from what was left over of the crown. It reached from her neck to her waist, and had rubies, sapphires and diamonds enough in it to have supplied a thousand ordinary necklaces. The imperial orders worn on her breast contained all the gems of the east.

They scintillated with light, and that is all I can say of them. The stuff of her gown was emerald velvet, with a train of white velvet, embroidered with enough gold to stock a mine, and bordered with real gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral set in diamonds and fastened at intervals. Never saw I human being thus arrayed. Solomon might have put on more, but I do not believe it. She was enough of herself to take the breath out of a body, but surrounded as she was by grand duchesses, each one ablaze with jewels worth a kingdom, she was the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed in my life. I did not know a mortal could look so magnificent.

The position of her sister, the Princess of Wales, is almost obscure as compared to the peerless destiny of this empress of all the Russias, and if the war party succeeds, empress of Asia as well. The officials in their semi-barbarous grandeur numbered hundreds upon hundreds, but I paid no attention to them. The empress and the palace were what I went to see, and the sight has thrown me into a peculiar mental condition. My less fascinated companion, who had been to court before, took my breath away from me by remarking that she plied the poor woman. Why? Because she will not find anything new in heaven in the way of jewels or surroundings. How about the peace of mind? Of that, indeed, I think she stands in great need now, poor thing.—St. Petersburg Letter.

## Tigers as Thick as Peas.

The ship was anchored inside of Hooghly River, one of the many estuaries of the Ganges. The moon has just come up from over a low island to the east. The air is balmy and has the sweet odor of the land. Light clouds move lazily across the ruddy face of the queen of night. A well-born daughter of that far-off island which rules nearly a third of the world by her brain and through her well-filled coffers, is playing with gentle touch the sweet variations of the "Mocking Bird." Refined gentlemen and gentlemen loll or walk softly about the deck listening to the music.

It is hard to realize that a few miles up this broad river is a beach outwards as mild as a meadow lakelet, but whose bottom is a shifting quicksand, to touch which is almost certain destruction to the bravest steamer. Within a few months two fine ships of this company have been sucked in by the sands. One is almost erect. I am told its masts stand a few feet out of the water. The sands suck in ships as leeches take in blood, and are every ready for more. Vessels are piled one upon the other, swallowed never to be digested. Careful pilotage and daylight are necessary to avoid the hungry monster.

On yon low island, just under the low lying moon, tigers are more abundant than in any other part of the world. The keepers of the signal station live within high brick walls and dare not go a hundred yards beyond them. Refuge houses are built along the coast on high piles close to the water. Canned food, four hundred gallons of water, a chart with full directions how to find a port, and a boat are at each. And great placards are stuck up warning the shipwrecked man to beware of the tigers, and not to attempt to get off except by day, and at no time to venture into a jungle. The islands and surrounding mainland are swampy, and the low jungles are said absolutely to swarm with tigers and crocodiles. Nothing less than a tidal wave seems able to drive them away.—Chicago Mail.

"Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!  
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.  
"He didn't know it was loaded!"  
We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known," has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some crime, unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that land-animal is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood is heavily charged with winter's accumulations of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the facts and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew, for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Korchwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for my nervous sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, U. S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "It purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Anna Smith, Tipton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind" by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Sarsaparilla, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yours if and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first-class in every particular.

## Food, Beauty and Morality.

Prof. F. T. Miles, of the faculty of the University of Maryland, delivered a lecture to a large audience of young men on "Food and Digestion." In the course of his lecture, Prof. Miles, in speaking of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food, said: "The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones come through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nourished to the last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longer nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they will do strange things. It produces insanity, and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh'; that is, to cannibalism. There are millions of people who, have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-nourished, and a restless feeling results. Not much can be done with the grown-up people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child whose muscles and nervous system has been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society? An every-day Sabbath school with a breakfast before the lesson would be a capital thing for poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greeley Arctic party was for sweetsmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not only the brain, but the activities of the whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough good food."—Baltimore Sun.







